

Godly new ballad, intituled, *A dozen of Poynts.*

A Dozen of Poynts you here may read,
V Whereon each Christian soul may feed,



The gift is small, a Douzen of Poynts,
Wherewith I'd wish you knit your joynts,
Keep well the same, and credit me,
Thy life most pure and just shall be.
The first Point's this, I wish you keep,
What at night before you sleep,
As still you ask God forgiveness,
Of all your sins and wickedness.
The second Point is this, I say,
When thou dost see the chearful day,
Praise and praise the God of might,
That hath defended thee all night.
The third is this that thou shouldst require:
And on thy bended knees desire,
The God of Heaven to be thy stay,
For to preserve thee night and day.
The fourth doth bid thee to be ware,
Of the subtle and subtille snare,
That Satan with his crafty power,
Doth seek mens souls for to devour.
The fifth good counsel doth thee give,
And warn thee well whilst thou dost live,
To keep thy conscience clear and pure,
Then God will bless thee to be sure.
The sixth of these my Poynts, do will,
That thou devise no subtille skill,
Neither to mock thy Neighbours too,
Nor yet, I say, and do not so.

The seventh saith, defraud no man,
But deal as justly as you can,
The widow and the fatherless defend,
So God will bless thee to the end.
The eight doth bid thee more or less,
Still to beware of drunkenness,
For drunkenness is abhor'd of God,
On whom he lays his heavy Rod.
The ninth saith, Fornication flye,
Those wicked Harlots will make thee dye,
Thy body they'll consume, I say,
And bring thy soul unto decay.
The tenth doth say do not forswear.
False witness against no man bear:
Let no affliction sway thy mind,
The eye of justice so to blind.
The eleventh enjoyns thee not to desire
Thy Neighbours goods for to require,
But the ten Commandments observe,
So shalt thou stand and never swerve.
The twelfth saith serve the God of might,
And truly serve him day and night,
Obey the King as 'tis thy part,
And to thy Country bear a faithful heart.
See these my Poin's thou dost possess,
Even when thou thy self dost rest;
Keep well each one in his degree,
And knit them fast, and credit me.

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The Angel *Gabriel*, his Salutation to the blessed Vir-
gin *Mary*. Tune is, *the blazing torch*.



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When righteous Joseph twiced was,
to Israels Hebr'w spaid,
A glorious Angel came from heaven,
who to the Virgin said,
Hail blessed Mary full of Grace,
the Lord remains in thee,
Thou shalt conceive and bear a Son,
thy Saviour to be.
That's wondrous strange, quoth Mary then,
I should conceive and breed,
Being never toucht by mortal man,
but pure in thought and deed:
Fear not (quoth Gabriel) by and by,
it is no work of man,
But only God ordain'd at first,
before the world began.
Which heavenly message she believeth,
and did to Jury go,
Three months with her friends to stay,
Gods blessed will to show,
And then return'd to Joseph back,
her Husband meek and mild.
Who thought it strange his wife should be,
untouch'd, thus grown with child.
Wherefore, thought he, to shun the same
he thought her to forsake,
But that Gods Angel in his sleep,
Gods mind did undertake.

Fear not just Joseph this thy wife,
is still a spotless maid,
And no consent to sin, quoth he,
against her can be laid.
For she is a pure maid and wise,
the mother of Gods own Heir,
The Babe of heaven, and blessed Lamb,
of Israels flock so fair:
To save lost sheep to Satans fold,
whom Adam lost by fraud,
When first in Edens Paradise,
the Lord had him bestow'd.
Thus Mary with her husband him
together did remain,
Until the time of Jesus birth,
as Scripture doth make plain.
Thus mother, wife, and virgin
our Saviour sweet conceiv'd
All three in one, to bring us
of which we were bereav'd.
Sing praises then both old and
to him which wrought such
That thus without the help of
sent us the King of Kings
Which is of such a blessed
that with his word conquer'd
The world, the flesh, and by
could conquer Death and